

My final night

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Rating:

Mature

Archive Warning:

Major Character Death

Category:

Gen

Fandom:

London Ripper (Video Game)

Relationship:

Carolyn & Ripper (London Ripper)

Character:

Carolyn (London Ripper), Ripper (London Ripper), Original Female Character(s)

Additional Tags:

Prostitution, Serial Killers, Nighttime, Corpses, Murder, Character Death, Late at Night, Microfic, Flash Fic, Some Plot, Nudity, Blood, Bad Ending, Sad Ending, POV First Person, Wordcount: 100-500, Knives, Video & Computer Games, Inspired by the Jack the Ripper Murders, rated mature for theme, London, Brothels

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My final night

by [MiaQc](#)

Summary

My name is Carolyn.

I am a prostitute.

In these dark times in London, a serial killer known as the Ripper is targeting them.

- A translation of [Ma dernière nuit](#) by [MiaQc](#)

My name is Carolyn.

I am a prostitute.

In these dark times in London, a serial killer known as the Ripper is targeting them.

His victims have their organs ripped out.

Even the womb.

The Ripper really hates night girls.

Luckily for me, I found myself a husband.

This is my final night as a sex worker.

I only have to get enough money to spend a night in one of the many hotels in London.

Normally I would have enough clients at the brothel where I work, but because of the Ripper men don't dare to go for pleasure.

I have no choice.

I have to go outside, walk through the dark streets, go to different brothels to find clients and earn money.

I leave the brothel.

I walk through the dark streets.

I hope not to run into the Ripper.

Suddenly, I come across a prostitute's corpse and I scream in terror.

She's naked and her stomach is open.

There's blood everywhere.

I run to get away from the body...

And I come face to face with a man wearing the outfit of a plague doctor.

He has a bloody knife in his hand.

I scream again. He's the Ripper!

I turned to run away, but he stabbed me in the back.

My breath stops.

As I fall to the ground, I hear the serial killer uttering slurs against prostitutes.

My life is slipping away.

This isn't fair!

It was my final night as a sex worker.

I was about to start a new life with my husband.

Maybe if I hadn't screamed when I saw the body, the Ripper wouldn't have found me.

Maybe.

It doesn't matter anymore.

The serial killer stabs his knife into my flesh again, killing me.

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